

The Title of, *The Delights of the Bottle*.

1. The Delights of the Bottle are turn'd out of doors,
By factious fanatical Sons of damn'd Whores.
And Wines Prohibition meant no other thing,
But to poison the Subject, and beggar the King.
Good Nature's suggested with Drugs like to choak her,
Of full-on-stand Wine by the cur'd Wine-Cooper.

2. Our plaguy Wine-Cooper has tamper'd so much,
To find out the subtily of the false Dutch.
He tinctures prickt White-wine, that never was good,
Till it mantles, and sparkles, and looks like Bulls blood.
But when it declines, and its Spirits expire,
He adds more Ingredients, and makes it look higher.

3. His old rotten Pipes, where he keeps all this Trash,
For fear they should burst, Sir, he hoops them with Ash.
When the Sophistication begins for to froth,
And boyls on the Fret, Sir, he wisely pulls forth
A Tap which gives vent, to the grounds of the Cause,
And then is to vamp up a second red Nose.

4. Then this dungy Wine-Cooper stops it up again,
And keeps it unvended till't's all on a flame.
The Intelligences then were invented to show,
Where Wine of strange Vertues in plenty did flow.
People from all parts of the Nation did come,
Both Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, Doctor and Bum.

5. The Cooper then pulls the Tap out of the side,
And drinks to the Elders of all his good Tribe.
But when they had gulf'd about all their Bowls,
They found a strange Freedom it gave to their Souls,
Of Secrets in Nature, that never were known,
It gave Inspiration from Begger to Throne.

6. For the Cooper himself full Brimmers did draw,
And all the whole Gang were oblig'd to do so.
Amongst these Cabals there was no such a thing,
As a Health once propos'd to the D—or the King,
But drank to that Idol, that hopes in their powers,
And Sons of most Infamous Hackney old Whores.

7. Then the Rabble had notice from Smith and from Ben,
What a heavenly Liquor was sent amongst men.
Both Tinkers and Coblers, the Broom-men and Sweep,
Before this Wine-Cooper in Flocks they did meet,
And each under foot stamp'd his old greazy Bonnet,
To drink M—Health, Sir, whatever came on it.

8. The Cooper perceiving his Trade to approach,
He then was resolved once more to debauch.
To encourage the Rabble, and shew himself stout,
He pull'd out the Spigot amongst the whole Rout;
Which kindness provokt them to swear they wou'd bring
Such Trade to his House, as wou'd make him a King.

A Hat or a Pottle was still at the Tap,
But Zealots sometimes laid their mouths to the
They charg'd their brisk Bumpers so many
Fill part of the Mobile sprawl'd on the ground
But when this damn'd Liquor was got in their
They fell to Bumbasting, Disord'ring of State,

10.

They began to Cant dangers by formal Sedition,
And swear lawful Allegiance, 'gainst lawful Succession.
When these Propositions began to take fire,
They screw'd their Presumptions a hole or two higher,
But still they keep under Hugh Peters's Cloth,
To bring in the Devil, to drive out the Pope.

11.

But then they began for to pick at the Crown,
Each thinking that he deserv'd one of his own.
Then all the Kings Guards they thought fit to India,
And swear Treason 'gainst all that maintain'd the King.
Both Papist and Protestant, no matter whether,
They are none of our Party, let's hang them together.

12.

Next the chief of our Game is to keep the King poor,
And our Senators must the Militia secure.
The Navy and Cinque-ports we'll have in our hands,
And then we'll make Kingdoms obey our Commands.
Then if Cb—do withstand us, we need not to fight,
To make Eighty one to out-do Forty eight.

13.

Whatever Objections great Loyallists bring,
Old Adam liv'd happy without e're a King.
Then why may not we, that's much wiser than he,
Subdue the whole World, Sir, by our Sov'reignty?
If one man alone can keep Three Nations under,
Then why may not we that are Kings without number?

14.

Right, said the Cooper, and shak'd his old Neddle,
Three Kingdoms we'll toss, like a Child in a Cradle,
Stick close to this Liquor which I do prepare,
'Twill make us as splendid, as Noll in his Chair.
We'll kindle old Plots, by inventing of new,
Till none shall be safe but the Cooper and You.

15.

Oh brave Boys! oh brave Boys! thus the Rabble did roar,
Tantivies and Tories shall Hector no more.
By us they're out-acted, to us they shall bend,
Whilst we to our Dignities freely ascend.
Then they were dead-drunk as the devil could make them,
And fell fast asleep, as ten Drums could not wake them.

16.

In the Pits and the Spew the poor Cooper did paddie,
To stop up his Tap, but the Knave was not able,
For his Limbs like a Tortoise did shrivel and crease,
Down drops the Wine-Cooper with the other Bum,
And there the whole Litter as yet doth abide,
At the Sign of the Bull, with the Tap in one side.